

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
 And at the bankes of Anly meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a busines,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
 For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
 Farewell my beauteous Sister: *Pirithous*
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

Pirithous. Sir

Ile follow you at heeles; The Feasts Solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.

Thes. Cosen I charge you

Bouge not from Athens; We shall be returning
 Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with Mars, (world,

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
 Thou being but mortall makest affections bend
 To Godlike honours; they themselves some say
 Grone under such a Mastery.

Thes. As we are men

Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude
 We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Flourish.*
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere Palamon, deerer in love then Blood
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
 Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
 Sully our glosse of youth,
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim
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